WIT
IN A
WILDERNESSE
Of Promiscuous
POESIE.

By the Author *Tho. Jordan*

Hunc novere modum nostri servare Libelli,
Parcere personis, dicere de vitiis.

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TO THE

LIBERALL LOVER,

CHARITABLE CHERISHER,

AND

PIOUS PRESERVER

OF { INDUSTRY,
HONESTY,
CHAST INGENUITY,
SCIENCE and CIVILITY,

THE much HONORED

GEORGE Lord Bishop of St. Ashaph

WITH

Due Addresses, I present and
Dedicate the dull devotion of these
imperfect and unpolished

POEMS.

WIT
IN A WILDERNESSE
Of Promiſcuous
POESIE:

THE CHARACTERS OF A Compleat POET.
WITH
An Apology for POETRY.

HE is a man from Prophanation free,
Unreverend railings, or obſcœnity;
His Muſe commits no treaſon againſt truſt,
Doth not invite to vengeance, pride or luſt;
He is *Truth's Favourite*, and nere exalts
His Mean Degree, by guilding great mens faults;

Who, sitting in his own sublimed height,
Surveys, and weighs the billow-beaten fate
Of towring Statists, who do vainly raise,
Their Arms on bladders blown with vulgar praise
Popular throats, who in one hour, will cry
Both *Halelujah*, and *Crucifie*: (thers)
Whose lungs (like Whirlwinds in tempestuous wea-
Do bear down *Churches*, whilst they blow up *Feathers*.
This, and much more then this, we safely see
Through the clear *Opticks* of pure *Poetry*:
There we see one, whose head within few years
Did bear a Mytre, now wears Band ô Liers:
Would it not move a Poets spleen with jest,
To see a *Crosier* made a Musket Rest?
Yonders another (by swift alteration)
Struck dumb, that was the Tongue of a whole Nation:
The Scene is chang'd, and He whose high command
Held up his head, must now hold up his hand;
He that in Law did hold such learned strife,
Must shew by what tenure he holds his Life;
What *Act* so firm that strength cannot devoure?
For Laws are but the Favorites of *Power*:
What's he that will submit, his *Sword* and *Tent*
To the tame vigor of an *Argument*?
Or will resign his ravish'd power upon
The flegmatick results of *Pro* and *Con*?
These are the vile vicissitudes which we
Are not obnoxious to in *Poetry*:
Such storms fly over us, when have ye known
Parnassus under *Sequestration*?

Or

Or *Pegasus* his winged shoulders stoop
To the Conductor of a County Troop?
What *Sequestrator* yet could ever call
The Muses unto *Haberdashers Hall*?
Go search the books where *Prize* accompts are writ,
You'l scarce find *Items took ten tun of wit*,
For what they have, so tenderly they handle,
It may be vented by one *inch of candle*:
A *Poets* poverty is a defence
'Gainst the most honorable insolence:
We have no Ships at Sea, doubt no distress
Our *hopes* are little, and our *fears* are less:
Whilst the poor Merchant (rob'd by Dutch or French)
Sinks in th' Exchange, to rise in the Kings Bench:
Shew me that *Age* a *Poet* can produce,
Who ever lost a thousand pound at Use?
Or who can say a *Poet* hath undone
An hundred families to raise one Son?
Whilst the grave Mizer, and his powder'd Sir
Study to be damn'd in *Diameter*:
Pray tell me (you that lye upon the lurch)
What brack in State, or Schism in the Church
Hath *Poetry* begot? what Kingdom lies
Drown'd in its tears for *Poets* villanies?
Wealth and *ambition* tempt not us, we pity
The careful Country, and the subtil City;
Where one mans bounds a hundred fields imbrace
To pick out three yards for his burying place:
Whilst we under the shadow of one tree
Extract more absolute content then he

Finds in the firtil ſubſtance; vve have more
Wealth at command, then rolls along the ſhore
Of golden *Ganges*; He is onely poore
That hath too much, if he do vviſh for more:
And he is truly rich that in his diſh,
And on his back hath all that he can vviſh:
Somtimes vvee'r wound d vvith Loves dart, but then
Our *Contemplation* licks us vvhole agen:
Content is our *Elixar*, vvhat a ſtir
The Patient *Reaſon-rackt Philoſopher*
Keeps for the Stone, attending all events
That fall from faſt, and looſe Experiments:
He ſayes he vvill make Gold of Lead and Braſs:
But (in the end) turns his ovvn Gold to Glaſs:
His Furnace then as bad as hell doth grovv;
And he (poore man) is damn'd in *Balneo*,
Whil'ſt he that ſits upon the Muſes hill,
Crovvn'd vvith content, turns all to vvhat he vvill;
Paine into pleaſure, Miſery to Myrth,
By ſacred skill extracts Heaven out of earth,
All out of nothing, and (at length) can dye
With a diſiance to all Tyranny:
Like *Lucan* in his *Bathing Tub*, that ſtood
Speaking of verſes, vvhi'ſt his eyes ran blood:
Nor are they *Poets* that can onely chyme
In numbers, and put gingles into Rhyme:
But he vvhoſe *Catholique Conceptions* can
Demonſtrate to the Intellect of man
By active Metaphor and *Allegory*,
Remote deſigne, *Antique* and modern ſtory,

Deſcriptions

Deſcriptions of Battalia's, Sea-fights,
The Characters of ſorrows and delights;
Annual ſeaſons, rivers, weeping fountains,
The firtil Valleys, and the mineral Mountains:
All forreign Countries, Cities, and Kings Courts,
Their trade, war, Law, Religion, food and ſports;
All contrarieties, and what doth border
Upon the Banks of Beauty and diſorder;
All paſſions and affections that do lye
Reveal'd, or hid in mans capacity:
Great Kings you are our Subjects, though more true
You are to us, then yours have been to you:
We can imbalm your Vertues with pure Spices,
And make a Pickle ſhall preſerve State-vices
Five hundred years, the rage a *Peet* vents,
Can raſe a thouſand Marble Monuments:
The Factious people do but vainly ſtrive
To kill that Fame vvhich we will keep alive.
What are the deeds of the moſt valiant men,
If *Poets* do not write them o're agen?
'Twas not *Achilles Lance*, nor *Hectors Shield*,
But *Homers Poetry* that won the Field;
Cæſar and *Pompey*, Worthies more then men,
Were made, not by their Acts, but *Lucan's* pen;
What are your beſt Orations, if they be
Not guilded by the *Beams* of *Poetry*?
It is a ſweet *Compendium* of all Arts,
Divide the Bible in four equal parts,
And (by your diſquiſition) 'twill be known
(Without offence) that *Poetry* is one;

(Though

Though not the first in order) th' other three
Treat of *Law*, *History*, and *Prophecy*:
Then blush for shame you that do bid defiance
To the bright Beams of so serene a *Science*;
For he that dares give it an ill report,
His *understanding* is a *foot too short*.

A Poem composed, and spoken by the Author to the late King at the Dedication of Mr. Tho. Bushel's *Rock at Enston in Oxon*, 1638. *in the person of* Caliope.

LOe I *Caliope* chief of the Nine
And first in order of that triple Trine;
The Muses *Sisterhood*; (for who is he
That knows not of our sacred *Hierarchy*)
Am now at length, through many a weary mile
Safely arriv'd upon the *British Isle*:
The causes of my coming, what they were
That drew me to this Western *Hemisphere*,
Are these, the Muses heard (for nothing's done
Which they discern not in a Vision)
Of a strange Rock discover'd under ground,
That with fresh streams and wonders doth abound,
Which *Nature* unto such *perfection* brought,
It looks like *day* from the old *Chaos* wrought;
And hath the *Pomp* and pleasures of the place
That a great King and Queen have daign'd to grace,
And with their presence (far transcending ours)
Oft' visit those pure Wells and hallowed Bowers:

When

When these glad tydings from our Servant Fame
Were whisper'd in our eare, I straitway came
In person mounted on the fiery wings
Of our owne *Pegasus*, to view these *Springs*,
To make a strict survay what waters flow,
What walks are in it, and what woods doe grow;
And (as I liked them) they (on my report)
Would hither come, and hasten their resort:
But 'tis known Maids may long, and I would fain,
(Ere my return) first see that *Soveraigne*,
That Royall *Charlemaine* whose actions are
Worthy the Muses and their *Register*;
Whose deeds a Patern, and whose life a Law,
Doth the whole Court to imitation draw
Of his rare virtues, (without flattery)
The height of my ambition is to be
Made happy in the object of his sight
And his deare *Spouse* the Consort of his light;
Kiss her faire hand, who is (as Fame doth say)
More bright then is our owne *Urania*:
But stay! what sudden lustre strikes my sence
With some quick, but *Seraphick* influence?
Who ever ask'd for *Phœbus* in the Skyes,
Or which was *Iove* amongst the *Deities*?
Foole that I am, 'tis easie to devine,
Where e're the Beames of Majesty doe shine:
Then I addresse my self great Sir to you,
To whom these Titles and these Rites are due:
By me the Muses humbly fall before
Your sacred feet, and prostrate them adore,

Vouvving

owing their antient dwellings to forſake,
hat they your Princely favours may partake:
da, Parnaſſus, and the flowry *Plain*
f *Theſſaly* no longer ſhall detain
heir ſvvift approach, but all the Virgin Pack
n glory ſeated on the vvinged back
f firtil *Zephyrus*, ſhall hither come,
nd make theſe Springs their everlaſting home;
ere vvill they ſit, and Carol forth your Fame,
our nurſing Nature, and your noble Name:
hen in exalted numbers tell hovv great
ou are, vvhen mounted in your Mercy Seat;
nd that this pregnant Iſle you do inherit,
ot more by right of Bloud, then right of Merit.
ould you diſclaim the line of your extraction,
nd (amongſt millions) ſtand for *Saul's* election,
t would appear conſpicuous to beholders,
hat you excell in ſoul, as he in ſhoulders:
his Trinity of Crowns you wear, reſpect
our will, your memory, and intellect;
(The number of perfection) for you are
he Muſes Evening, and their Morning Star.

On Fickle, *and his Miſtris* Lydia.

Fickle is vex'd at heart (he ſayes) to ſee
His *Lydia* look on him ſo ſcurvily;
Thou art a moſt unconſcionable man,
Would'ſt have the Wench look better then ſhe can?

A double Acroſtich and Anagram on the Noble Name of the much honored Sir Tho. Fiſher Baronet.

T hough the tall Cedar, and the loyal ſhrub
F all at the fury of the Zealots tub
H opes yet are pregnant, that the good old way
I n *Preſents* merit no *Anathem*
O blations of this harmleſs nature are
S urely no motives for another war
M uch honor'd Sir, then grant him pardon, who
H ath don, but what your favors move him t
A ll holy happineſs that men have known
E re ſince our Saviours *Incarnation*
S ecure your ſoul and body, goods and name,
R enown your Family, and guard your Fame
May all, and more then I can ſay or write,
Contribute to your next *New-years* deligh

Sir Thomas Fiſher Baronet (*Anagram*)
Starri Beams ſhine forth.

HOw well your *Title*, and your honor'd *Na*
Comply in this appoſet *Anagram*;
For in an Age when Learnings Laureat Head
Is with *Cimerian* darkneſs overſpread,
That men can ſcarce diſcover vvit or vvorth,
Moſt men confeſs your *Starri Beams ſhine forth.*

On a Love-Bag which a Gentleman found, and conceal-ed from a Lady, when they were playing at Queſtions *and* Commands.

I Will confeſs, rack me no more, 'twas I
(Not out of gain, but curioſity)
That hid your Crewil *Love-hood* in a place
Obſcure, becauſe it did obſcure your face;
Who would not (were he neer) ſome hazard run
To take away that Cloud which hides the Sun?
Or what is he, that would not (if he might)
Withdraw that Curtain which divides the light;
This is my Fact, and had a Judg been by
He would have been guilty as well as I.
I muſt confeſs when I was held in bands,
By curious *Queſtions*, and with kind *Commands*;
I pleaded guiltleſs, though 'twas underſtood
I did but wear *two faces in one Hood*:
Yet now I hope ſubmiſſion and confeſſion
Will wave my Doom, and nullifie the Seſſion;
The gentle *Judg* will lay aſide his fury,
And fright my *ſenes* no more with a grand Jury;
For I was much afraid (e're I did part)
That I ſhould be burn'd in the *hand* or *heart*,
The fear is paſt, and (to end controverſie)
Pray let my reſtitution meet your mercy:
Pardon the Crime, and ceaſe to think upon
His fact, that doth return you *two* for *one*.

An

An Epithalamium on the Names and Nuptials of Mr. William Drayton, *and the most devoutly vertuous* Mrs. Grace Drayton.

W orth crown your Nuptials, may your Union prove
G reat as the Sacred Bonds of Angels love:
I oy kindle your bright zeals, may the flame riſe
R eſplendent as the *Phœnix* Sacrifice:
L ove, health, wit, wealth, with all delights that can
A dvance the honor of deſerving man:
L end luſtre to your Loyalties, may you
C ommand all good your wiſh can prompt ye to.
I f *Poets* may prove *Prophets*, I foretel
E xceeding pleaſures, without parallel,
A re moving toward you; ye nere ſhall know
D iviſion, nor no other Wedlock woe:
M any fair Babies may the Bride bring forth
R epleat with all things, which wiſe men call worth:
D utiful, gracious, beautiful and bright,
A s are the Stars in number, and in light:
R iches ſhall flow ſo faſt upon your ſhore,
Y ou may as well compt ſands, as tell your ſtore;
A nd you ſhall ſee your Childrens Children prove,
T hat they are Off-ſprings of a loyal love:
Y ou never ſhall know jealouſie, but be
O ur pureſt *Paterns* of *integrity:*
T heſe things may come to paſs, for we all know
N othing's impoſſible to him we owe
O ur Faith, and our *Alleageance*; but however,
Let nothing dull the edg of your endeavour,
N or at the chances of this world be vext,
What's wanting here, will be ſupply'd ith' next.

Sic Vaticinatur,

Your Servant,

J. T.

An Encomium to the much honored Rich. Cheyny *of* Hackney Esquire, *his bountiful Patron, and to his incomparably vertuous Consort.*

HEalth, wealth, worth, wit, with all that can be (brought
In the circumference of humane thought
Exalt your soul and body; may the breath
Of *Praise* and *Prayer* guard your life and death:
Nothing appear to you, but what may be
A Badg of *honor*, or of *amity*;
What God can give, or wisest men intreat,
Fall upon you, till you are good and great:
May your dear Consort, and her issue grow
Brighter then Lillies on the Banks of *Poe*:
All Excellence that waits on humane breath,
From the disquiet *Cradle* to the death,
Remain with you two, in whose Spirits move
Concords *Elixar*, and the soul of *Love*:
May all that man can wish, or Angels do,
(In sacred consultations) fall on you:
Wit wait upon your wealth, what e're is fit
For man to ask, may you accomplish it;
May Providence defend ye from those jars
That sink great families in Civil wars:
Religion rule my *Poesie*, that all
Which I have said, may prove Prophetical.
These are the wishes, and the prayers of one,
Who makes your welfare his devotion.

A Poetical Parley, with a thredbare Cloak; Dedicated to his worthy friend, M. HEN. STONESTREET.

CLoak! (If I may ſo call thee) though thou art
My old Acquaintance, prythee now let's part;
Thou wert my equal friend in *thirty-one*,
But now thou look'ſt like a meer *Hanger-on*:
And art ſo uſeleſs to me, I ſcarce know
Sometimes, whether I have thee on or no;
But this I needs muſt ſay, when thou goeſt fro me,
Theſe ten years thou haſt been no burthen to me:
Yet that's thy Accuſation, for if I
Divorce thee from me, 'tis for Levity;
Thou haſt abus'd my bed, that is, thou haſt
Not kept me warm when thou wert overcaſt:
Tranſparent Garment, proof againſt no weather,
Men wonder by what art thou hang'ſt together;
Nor can the eyes of the beſt reaſon pry
Into thy new occult *Geometry*.
A fellow tother day but caſt his Eye-on,
And ſwore I went mantled in *Dandelion*:
Another ask'd me, (who was ſomewhat bolder,)
If I did wear a Love-bag on my ſhoulder;
I fear a fire, as fair Maids the ſmall pox,
And dare not look towards a Tinder-box;
Not he that ſells them up and down I know,
If he come neer it, 'tis but *touch and go*:

A red fac'd fellow frights me, though ſome fear,
That which makes his Noſe *red*, made my Cloak *bare*;
They ſay my thick back and thin Cloak appear
Very like powder'd beef and vineger.
Another vow'd (whoſe tongue had no reſtriction)
It was no garment, but the Poets fiction.
Did ever man diſcover ſuch a knack,
To walk in *Querpo* with a Cloak on's back?
A very zealous Brother did begin
To jeer, and ſay, Sir! your original ſin
Is not waſh'd out, (pray do not take it ill)
I ſee you wear your Fathers figleaf ſtill.
A Scholler (in an elevated thought)
Proteſted 'twas the web *Arachne* wrought,
When ſhe contended with *Minerva*, but
Another Raſcal had his finger cut,
And beg'd a piece to wrap about it; thus
You ſee (kind Cobweb) how they laugh at us:
Good Cambrick Lawn depart, let me not be
For ever, thus fetter'd in Tiffany:
Although I never yet did merit praiſe,
I'de rather have my ſhoulders crown'd with *Bayes*,
Then hung with *Cypreſs*, if this fortune be
Alwayes dependent upon Poetry,
I would my kinder deſtiny would call
Me to be one oth' Clerks of *Blackwel* Hall;
For though their eaſie ſtudies are more dull,
Yet what they want in *wit*, they have in *wooll*.
Once more farewel, theſe are no times for thee,
Thick Cloaks are only fit for knavery:

The

The only Cloaks that now are moſt in faſhion,
Are Liberty, Religion, Reformation;
All theſe are fac'd with zeal, and button'd down
With Jewels drop'd from an Imperial Crown:
He that would cloak it in the new tranſlation,
Muſt have his Taylor cut it Pulpit faſhion.
Do not appear within the City, there
They mind not what men are, but what men weare:
The *habit* ſpeaks the *man*, how canſt thou thrive,
Where a good Cloak's a *Repreſentative?*
The *females* will not wear thee, they put on
Such cloaks as do obſcure the riſing Sun.
How canſt thou hope for entertainment, when
Women make cloaks even of Committee men?
Farewel poor Coverwit, upon this Brier
I'le hang thee up, if any do enquire,
Where his brains were, that let his cloak there ſwing,
Tell them *his wits are gone a wooll-gathring.*

A Defence for women, in an anſwer to a vulgar invective.

I

SHall ſcurrilous pens for ever be free,
Whil'ſt our juſt vengeance ſmothers?
The Balad of *Bagnol's* and yours may agree,
For I think they are ſvvorn brothers:
Your fragments of phantſie are cheaper then chaff,
For vvhen in a Tavern ye ſvvagger and quaff,
So you may but make a fevv drunkards laugh,
You vvill abuſe your mothers.

2

Whil'ſt you are railing at the Sex,
Your drowſie Muſe ſo drunk is,
That you would give all the ware in your packs,
But to know where a punk is:
You make your addreſſes to *Cloris* and *Phillis*,
Ye ſay they out-rival the Roſes and Lillies,
But when they will not perform what your will is,
You grow as ſick as Monkeys.

3

You are ſo zealous at the ſport.
By turns you'l watch an entry,
Some Citizens do curſe ye for't,
Who in their ſhops ſtand centry.
Thus whil'ſt you range in other mens Parks,
And would have the world look upon you as Sparks
You are but ſpruce Taylors, and Councellors Clarks
For ſuch is our new Gentry.

4

You ſwagger, as if ye riſe from the bed
Where *Venus* and great *Mars* lay,
Though againſt us your poetical head,
Did rhime it ſo perverſly:
Yet with a word to expreſs you in brief,
Many there are which be Ranters in chief,
Who do wear powder'd hair, though they want pow-
Well boyld and ſtuft with parſly. (der'd bee

Yo

5

You with your ranting railing words
Do ſeek our Sex to batter,
Although for wit each head affords
As much as makes no matter;
So patch'd, perfum'd, and painted you be,
Ye look almoſt as like women as we,
The diff'rence is only a ſpan above knee,
Which makes your chops to chatter.

6

Here is a toy ty'd to a ſword,
Though much he doth not trouble it:
And to vent wit in every word,
His frothy brain doth bubble it,
His pitiful pate with ſweet oyl he annoynts,
With rainbow-like-ribbons he tyes up his joynts,
Whoſe father before did wear blew-leather points,
Braſs buttons, and tawny dublet.

7

Here is another Perywig'd youth,
Whoſe every hair's a fetter.
And he would very fain live forſooth,
With Cribbidg, Dice, and Setter;
He pranks it, and looks like a crow in a gutter,
And though he want bread (a ſad ſtory to utter)
His hair hath a breakfaſt of Geſemin butter,
A three penny chop were better.

8

I vvonder vvhat the vvomen find
In theſe vveak flaſhing tapers,
That they'l continue to be kind,
Though ſo abus'd in papers:
Were I as your Miſtreſſes, I vvould truſt no man,
They merit contempt for their being ſo common,
That the beſt vvord they'l give, is a Pox ô God on 'em.
I hate to ſee ſuch vapers.

9

Religion they have none at all,
For they knovv no ſuch thing,
But that vvhich from full glaſſes fall,
Directed to their King;
In vvhoſe cauſe, they ſay, th'have had many flaſhes,
Though povvders, perfumes, ſack, muſick, and flaſhes,
Inſtead of mourning in ſackcloth and aſhes,
From their devotions ſpring.

10

Here is another formal Lad
Was Governour of a Tovvn,
Who ſayes he hath loſt all he had,
By being true toth' Crovvn:
But vvhen he ſhould fight he vvas *coming the Caſter*,
Which vvas the occaſion of many a diſaſter,
He'l ſcarce love his *Miſtris*, that nere lov'd his *Maſter*,
Let him vvear Svvord or Govvn.

11

I hope, though you abuſe our ſex,
The thriving party vvill
Hang large *Encominms* 'bout our necks,
For it is knovvn full vvell
By ſome, that in high places be men,
Who in the Church and State are freemen,
They vvere beholding at firſt to the zeal of the vvo-
A doleful tale to tell. (men.

12

Yet never vvoman err'd ſo much
In this, as did the man,
Whoſe vvild and frantique zeal vvas ſuch,
Decide it yet none can.
The one vvould keep his old found diddle,
The tother vvas clear againſt ſurpleſs and fiddle,
They fell out like tvvo fools, vvho ſhould lye in the
And ſo the vvars began. (middle.

13

Novv ſome repent, and ſome rejoyce,
And ſome are quite confounded,
But 'tvvixt them both, ſvvcet Peace's voice,
With drum and trumpets vvounded.
'Gainſt Croſſes and Croſſiers the people did roar,
Until they had beat dovvn proud *Babilons* Whore,
But its thought they have let in ten thouſand more;
'T may be they have compounded.

14

This jar did make you to ingage
Almoſt all Chriſtian Nations,
For then was brought upon the Stage
All ſorts of ſects and faſhions.
Ye levied the Scotch, & the Welſh Shon a-Morgans,
And now ye diſpute with the Dutch Demigorgons,
The dangerous diff'rence 'twixt Bagpipes & Organs,
Did firſt provoke your paſſions.

15

Now let your thredbare Poet ſay,
Which of our worſt offences
Can any whit compare with they
That made theſe blew pretences?
Although ye think women ſuch dull-edged tools,
Your wit, and your reading, your travel, and ſchools,
Have but made ye the fitter for quarrelling fools,
Or I have loſt my ſences.

16

Then ceaſe your clapper, and give o're,
Let women bear the Bell,
The faults which you commit are more
Then I can write or tell.
I never did know ſuch a ſurly ſeaſon,
For nothing is done by Religion or Reaſon.
Moreover ----ds foot, I'de almoſt ſpoke treaſon,
I'le leave off while 'tis well.

A dissuasion to a very virtuous Lady, who resolved to be a Nun.

REcall this Resolution, or you'l prove
Sinful to God, to Nature, and to Love:
He that did form all creatures for increasing,
Made fruitful Amity the first great blessing.
Why were you made a woman? Why were we
(By different Sex) put in capacity
Of getting Children? you cross Gods decree,
You will live single, God bids multiply:
You wrong the Law of Nature, every thing
Contributes to the store-house of the Spring:
Beasts, Fish, Fowle, Grain, one ear of corn will yeeld
(With husbandry) enough to fill a field:
Were every thing fruitless (as you would be)
You'd eat the walls down of your *Nunnery*.
But your transgression unto Love is such,
As no man's pen can aggravate too much;
Were those blue veins, red lips, white hands black eys
Made only for a vestal sacrifice?
But you reply, tis to prevent those crimes,
And hot allurements which pollute the times:
Madam, are you so weak, or sin so stout,
That nothing but stone walls can keep it out?
"*Vlisses* when he fear'd to be imbrac'd
"By *Syrens*, bound himself to the ship mast;
Because he found his soul so much inclin'd
Unto temptation, did his body bind;

And

And is it ſo vvith you? muſt you needs run
This tempting race, unleſs y'have fetters on?
Are Maids ſo frail, can Virgins find no trick
For chaſtity, but to be buried quick?
And yet vvhen all this ſtreight prevention's vvrought,
Not all your vvalls, nor bars, can keep out thought:
In my conceipt thoſe hearts have firmeſt ſtations,
That can be chaſt in ſpite of all temptations:
Chaſt vvedlock vvas at firſt deſign'd, that vve
Might not abuſe, but keep our chaſtity.
You may do ſo, and yet not live alone,
That vvoman's chaſt enough that knovvs but one;
Stop your reſolve then e're it further runs,
For vertuous vvives are chaſter then ſome Nuns.

Thrones, Annagram, Thornes.

THe late Kings ſad diſtreſſes, ſcofts and ſcornes,
Have made it manifeſt that *thrones* are *thornes*.

On the late K. departure, 1642.

WHen ill advice hurried the K. from hence,
Vertue vvas held vvith vitious violence.

On his concluſion.

THe ranting rout ruin'd the Royal head,
With a beer boul, a banquet, and a bed.

An

An Encomium, *written in the commendation of red Noses; contriv'd at the request of a friend, and dedicated to all of that Livery.*

*

1

FArevvel pale Beauties, you that deal
In chalk and oatmeal, salt and meal,
Which your curral current hinders;
You that feed on loam and cindars,
Parch'd peaſe, and bisket, till ye vvalk
Like moving figures cut in chalk;
Depart, and give my muſe leave to diſcloſe,
The ranting riches of a Rubrick Noſe.

2

Give ear to me you ſcarlet ſinners,
That ſvvallovv Seas in Fiſh-ſtreet dinners;
Who deal in gimlets, quills, and favvcets,
Hate morning caudles, broths, and poſſets,
And think there may be leſſer errings,
In gammons, tongues, and pickled herrings:
You knovv vvhat coſtly compoſition goes
To the vvell forming of a right red Noſe.

3

My phantſie ſhall make large defence
Of the red Noſe *his excellence*;
As *Pond* in's Almanacks doth paint,
It is the tincture of the Saint;
The thriving colour; vvhat a loſs
The *Dutch* have had by *George* his Croſs;

And

And can he want of dignity and grace,
That wears the badg of *England* in his face?

4

Walk i'th' garden, can your noſe,
Or eyes chuſe better then the Roſe?
Look in Cabinets, can you be
Better pleas'd, then with a Ruby?
The flaming Topaz, blazing Stone,
The Garnet, and Vermilion?
Then he that hath a right red noſe on's own,
Commands the brighteſt Jewels of a Crown.

5

If the men of old had choſe,
Not by ſtature, but by Noſe;
Their proper Prince, it was moſt fit,
That the red Noſe ſhould carry it;
For then he partly might make good
His title, by the *right of blood:*
Yet had they voted it, I much ſurmize,
Their Noes had been too hard for all their I's.

6

How like a Comet doth he ſhow,
That wears the brightneſs on his brow?
So leaps the Sun from *Thetis* bed,
As he from his ſublime hogſhead
Of rich Canary, when he flings
His healths abroad to Queens and Kings:
Nay more, I'le find in a good fellows Snout,
A banquet of fiſh, fleſh, fowl, wine, and fruit:

A

7

A Crab well boyld, a Salmon raw,
Prawns, Crawfish, and the Lobsters claw;
And for flesh, there you may spy
The corner of a red Deer Pye,
Peacocks thighs, and Turkyes heads,
Cherries, Strawberries in beds,
Ripe Respas, red cheek'd Codlings, and (for wine)
Claret, Tent, Aligant, and Muscadine.

8

Then let your paler fronts give place
Unto the Royal red nos'd face,
For it contains (without an oath)
Land and Trade, Meat, Drink, and Cloth,
'Tis a Garden, 'tis a Ship,
A Treasury, a Ladies lip:
To leave particulars, and sum up all,
The red Rose carries it in General.

A Panegirick, written at the invitation of a Gentleman, who was then going to the Press *with a book, entituled,* The Praise of Podex.

INgenuous Sir prepare your petty Codex,
For I am come with paper to your *Podex*,
I have perus'd your volum, and in it
I find no fragments of a costive wit;

Your

Your Readers all are raviſh'd, each one feels,
Theſe liquid labours iſſue down the heels
Of apprehenſion, nay I dare be bold
To ſay, each line ſhews like a chain of gold
On Satten ſhoulders, bright as his (I think)
The letters of whoſe *name* do yeeld *A STINK*:
That popular Phyſitian Doctor B.
Who proudly told me he hates Poetry;
Should I but bring him ſuch ſweet lines as theſe,
Would lay by *Galen* and *Hypocrates*,
To read my rhimes, vvhoſe povverful Energy
Exceeds his *Salt*, *Sulphur* and *Mercury*:
For he that views them well, cannot forbear,
To think he hath a Cliſter pipe in's ear:
'Tis *Podex* that vve praiſe, the Theam hath been
Very much handled, but thus I begin;
Podex is Maſter of Arts, and is, I ſee
Of late, ſo vers'd in Lay Divinity,
That he hath ſubtilly wrought his ſliding joynts,
From Hooks and Eyes, to Fundamental Points:
Babilons Baggage, and the Taylors ſtitches,
Have ſown ſuch ſtrife, that *Podex* wears the breeches.
Podex in ſtudy of the Law aſcends,
And will have moſt of it at's *fingers ends*
'Tis thought within this twelfmoneth, but the ills
He fears is, that the copious Chancery Bills
Will grow too ſmall, by which he underſtands,
He ſhall not deal in-juſtice vvith both hands:
Much may be ſaid of him, though ſome do vent,
Miſchievous words in his diſparagement:

They

They say he's company for Whores, and Gluttons,
And that the best on's kindred now *make Buttons.*
I know not what they mean, I'le keep below decks,
Least I (as one of late) do lose my *Podex*;
Tis thought that many men have been undone,
Only by *Podex* and his *hangers on.*
Some think he is a Coward 'cause they find,
When men are fighting, he still *keeps behind*;
They are deceiv'd, he best maintains the fray,
When as his face is turn'd another way.
Some carp at his descent, and say that he
Hath his Extraction from low Pedigree;
Because in latter times he hath been able,
To rise from *Coblers stall* to *Councel table*:
They envy at his Greatness, but 'tis well
Known to the Wise, *Podex* doth so excell,
That give him but some Grains to mend his weight,
And he may fully fill a Chair of State.
Many men mutter many things, some say,
It is not fit that he should live a day: (crownd,
This man would have him crush'd, and that man
Another sayes *Podex* shall *kiss the ground*;
A fourth swears *dam him*, if he had a broad axe,
And time, and place, he would dismember *Podex*:
But Ladyes to your feathered fingers I
Commit soft *Podex* for security;
You love him for the worth that is about him,
And cannot go to *pluck* a *Rose* without him:
You like him at your Boards, and in your Beds,
He bears the Keys of all your Maiden-heads.

Though

Though you were made the Mint of Mankind, yet
'Tis lovely *Pedex* hath the *Stamp* of it:
Then uſe him gently, do not overthrow him,
And, when you pleaſe, preſent him with this *Poem*.

On Filcher.

Filcher reports that he's a *Lawyer* grown,
And he ſayes true, but 'tis a *High-way* one.

On Silence.

THe liberal Lips are liable to wrong, (*tongue*.
If you would *hold your peace*, pray *hold your*

On Chat's Wife.

Chat's Wife in ſpeaking many *tongues* is known,
If he had mine, he'd find enough of *one*.

An

An Apologie for Danceing, Dedicate to all the Active Proficients, but more peculiarly unto Mr. R. L.

MY Muſe, which fornerly was wont to prize
Ladies fair hands, white necks, red lips, black (eyes;
Flyes with *reformed* wings and (as its meet)
Layes by the *head* to magnifie the *Feet*:
The ſubject of this half hours thought ſhall be
On *dancing*'s regular Activity:
And it is fit this Quality ſhouid be
Exalted with the feet of *Poetry*:
For Schollars when their flameing ſouls advance
To write a *Poem*, all their ſpirits *dance*:
Firſt I will tell you what the eſſential part
Of *Daneeing* is, and then, Have at the *Art*:
It is an *Act*, if rightly underſtood,
Conſiſting of three parts, *Time*, *Tune*, and *Mood*;
Time limits, *Tune* doth regulate, the vigor
Of *Mood*, doth aptly form *poſture*, and *figure*:
Thus are the parts diſtinguiſh'd, I ſhall next
Give you a Comment on this tempting *Text*
In orderly *Gradations*, not by leaps,
But ſoberly aſcend to it by ſteps.
What can be more allicient then to ſee
Men move with *mathematique* majeſty?
Whoſe glyding feet ſo preſs the buxom earth,
As if their *Motion* gave the *Muſique* birth.

 Where

Where not alone the foot, but head, arm, thigh
Contribute to compleat the harmony;
It is a fit of *order* where our eyes,
Have glimpſes of the Spheres Rotundities:
'Tis Muſick to the ſight, a ſwift and ſweet
Concord of ſpirits; Language of the feet,
It moves the ſoul with ſuch ſecret devotion,
That it compels the ſtanders by to motion:
All creatures ſince the world (at firſt did ſtart
From (*chaos*) are preſented by this Art:
In *motion* or in *ſtation*, look upon,
The active glory of the riſing Sun;
Where *time* and *tune* do both (at once) confine
His flameing feet along th' Ecliptique line;
Exactly to a minute, ſome will ſay,
He *danceth* to, upon an *Eaſter day*.
The Moon doth more then he, for (like our Apes,
In Antiques) ſhe appears in ſeveral ſhapes;
Whilſt round about her, (by divine command)
In *figure* all the *Conſtellations* ſtand:
And he that will on *Plinies* volum call,
Shall finde much order in each Animal.
The whole Creation is a Dance, where men
Riſe, walk, turn, ſide, ſo to their ſeats agen.
An *Army* is a *Dance*, where (though an Ocean,
Of mingled men) they meaſure all their motion;
Who (as the trumpets ſound, or drums do beat)
Lead up, that is, *March on*, *Fall back*, *Retreat*:
But if it chance they by the Foe are foyld,
They'r all *disfigured*, and the *dance* is ſpoyld.

A

A *Common-wealth*'s a *Dance*, (mark it) Her's one
Leads up quick time, and doth as fast *fall down*:
This subtil fellow *sides*, and that is found,
(Or rather *lost*) to be still *turning round*:
But leaving these at each hand, in the middle
A man whose feet keep time to *Fortune*'s Fiddle:
With a *Coranto pace*, the rest surprizes,
Sets best leg forward, makes a *chase* and *rises*:
I could enlarge upon it, but I must
In *Dancing*'s use and the abuse be just;
In modest men, and virtuous women this
Cannot conduce to any thing amiss:
Besides, some *Dances* and some *Dancers* be
So grave, they move like a *solemnity*;
Rather then such as titilate the bloud,
With any Appetite that is not good:
The true intent of *dancing* to me seems,
Only an Artful perfecting the Limbes
In gracious postures, such as *Nature* would,
Her self have brought to pass if that she could.
This Art is necessary, if it were,
Only to make the Feet familiar
To walk the streets with handsomness, or come,
With civil motion to a strangers Room:
But (in a word) these active Recreations
Are antient, good, and practiz'd by all Nations:
Th' abuses are, where persons void of fame
And full of lust, use this to feed the flame:
What's this to th' Art? the Spider and the Bee
Extract, by one rule of *Phylosophy*:

And that which is an ornament in one,
May in another breed deſtruction:
I fear that *Scripture phraſe*, where miſchief's hid,
Hath done more hurt then ever dancing did:
All things may be corrupted, meat, drink, health;
The *Seat of Juſtice*, an whole *Commonwealth*:
If it be ſo, then I may boldly ſay,
That *Dancing* is as innocent as they.

An Epitaph in an Acroſtick, on the Name of his worthy Friend THOMAS MILWARD *Gent. whoſe face (by general conception) was very like the late King.*

THough men from Law, Love, Loyalty, do fall,
HEre lies a Cabinet contain'd them all;
ONe in whoſe unconfined ſoul did dwell
MOre worth then I can write, or thou canſt tell:
A man of merits, he that further dives,
SHall find he had all in ſuperlatives.

MUch of that mans dear feature he had on,
IN whoſe late loſs ſo many are undone;
LOyal in love he was, though ſtrangely croſt,
WIth ſome who had juſt cauſe to prize him moſt;
A man more full of faith unto his friends
REmains not upon earth, without ſelf-ends:
DIed, and lived well, of whom my Muſe thus ſing
He was a Copy of the beſt of Kings.

To his worthy friend Mr. THO. JORDAN.

SIR,

SInce you pleased, not only to accept, but to allow my last your commendation, I have adventur'd once more to command my Muse to give you a visit, and in that visit to present his respects to you, who is desirous of the title of your friend (to which let experience add the epithete of faithful)

HEN. STONESTREET.

To Mr. T. J. *on his Poems.*

MUch like a Pris'ner, that hath long time lay
In darksome Cells, without a glimps of day,
Dazled at first approach into the light,
Can scarce distinguish wher't be day or night;
So my abused Muse too long confin'd
To silence, by my negligence grew blind:
Her opticks are so weak, she can't discry
(Without her *Spectacles*) true *Poetry*:
Yet (thanks to great *Apollo*) she retains
A love of those that write *Poetick* strains;
She loves the name of *Poet*, though she be
Unskilful in the Art of *Poesie*:
She loves the company of those that write
Well-polisht verses, though she can't indite:
Such as whose wits t' illustrate all their theams
Fetch Pearls from th' depth of *Heliconian* streams:

This makes me hope they'l thrive, becauſe deſire
Is th' only way to gain Poetick fire;
And if by your good favour ſhe obtain
More ſtrength, that grace ſhan't be receiv'd in vain;
For ſhe hath vow'd if e're ſuch glorious rayes
Inlighten her to eccho forth your *praiſe*.

To the much honored HEN. STONESTREET Gent. on London-Bridg.

SIR, I received from the innocent hand of your immaculate Muſe ſuch a ſalute, as would invite a late ſick man to be in love with viſitations; you do very aptly ſay, that you have commanded your Muſe to preſent it, for (without flattery) I find you have no leſs command of the whole Quire, then of

Sir, your ſervant,

THO. JORDAN.

To Mr. H. S. in anſwer of his ingenious Poem.

NOt much unlike that Captive which we ſee
Fetter'd with *favours*, chain'd with *charity*:
Do I appear, your candid contribution
(Myſteriouſly) deſigns my deminution:
Your love doth over-lay me, I ſhall die,
(If you perſiſt) not knowing *how* or *why*:

Your

Your *Poems* make me loſe my apprehenſion,
And ſoar above the ſence of my aſcention:
But why (dear *Stoneſtreet*) do you thus confine
In your own Cabinet the noble Nine?
What have the Virgins done, that they muſt be
Compreſs'd with ſuch divine captivity?
You are more ſtrict then Stateſmen, they that ſit
At *Weſtminſter* will not ſequeſter wit:
But I repent this rudeneſs, and think rather
You do ſecure them like a Foſter-father:
From ignorant *pretenders*, or from thoſe
That wrong the Laws of God and man in Proes:
That (nameleſs) number, which more evil do,
Then man can think, or hell can look into:
You have done well in't, may the Muſes be
Fertil, as is your own fidelity:
Whil'ſt I juſtly declare (if you go on)
That *London Bridg* ſtands over *Helicon*.

On a Cavalier.

A Cavalier did in an high-way theft,
Loſe one of's *arms*, but his *right hand* was *left*.

Slut (*the Annagram*) *Luſt*.

SLoth needs muſt be a wrong to female *Fame*
Since *Slut* and *Luſt* lodg in one *Annagram*:
But this you may conclude, if *Sloth* do hurt you
To be a *buſie* body is a vertue.

An Acroſtical Eulogy compoſed on the name of his much reſpected Cozen M. FRANCIS JORDAN *of Enſham, in the County of Oxon.*

F rom fair pretending in unfaithful friends,
I nnocent looks that hide injurious ends;
R eligious Traytors, which two faces hold,
O ne of Divinity, t'other of Gold:
A rmies of ſuch as do with one accord
R uine Religion, to advance Gods Word.
N ew Reformation, in an oath that ſtands
D iameter to all which God commands;
C onjealing Winters, and contagious Summers,
A ll ſuch Divines as deal in Guns and Drummers,
I ntemp'rate feaſts, falſe women, and bad wine,
N eutrality in things that are divine;
S ecret Conſumptions, and ſuch deeds as do
Waſt wealth and wit, *Good Lord deliver you.*

A Compariſon.

QUick-wit reports, that his wild Brother *Randle*
Hath lov'd a Whore, as a Moth loves a *Candle.*

On Lay-Elders.

ARe Elders (now) ſo vertuous in their wayes?
They were not found ſo in *Suſanna's* dayes.

An Elegy and Epitaph on the death of the right worſhipful SIR NATH. BRENT KNIGHT, *Doctor of Law, and Judg of the Prerogative Court, who exchanged this preſent life in the year* 1653.

DRy eyes depart, all that come hither ſhall
Not go, but flow unto our Funeral:
This *Mare mortuum* admits of none
But ſuch a Fleet, whoſe ſails with ſighs are blown.
If any Merchant hath by war and weather,
Loſt both his ſhip, and lading, bring him hither:
That *Proſelite* which our *Religion* bears,
Muſt learn from us not to drop Beads, but tears:
We hate *Diſputers*, they are of our Ranks,
Whoſe Maxims are to *ſuffer and give thanks*.
Our ſorrows do not with that man accord,
Whoſe point of doctrine is upon his ſword:
Therefore no States-man comes, unleſs he con'd
Vent as much water, as he hath drawn bloud:
His *Donatives* are too ſeverely dealt,
That wears the Key of heaven at his Belt;
And not for our *Society*, the loſs
We have ſuſtain'd, allows of no ſuch droſs:
We have inter'd a man, whoſe firtil name
Enrich'd his Title, and gave Spurs to Fame,
Whoſe noble well-weigh'd actions might impart
New rules unto the *Mathematique Art*.

One

One whoſe Religion never underſtood
How to gain heaven by the right of blood;
Who thought no man more deſperate then he
That could not bleſs and love his enemy;
That to be courteous only to our friends,
Is but the ſubtil iſſue of ſelf-ends:
He was a man, whoſe wide extended ſtore
Gave thankful invitations to the poor;
Who nere thought that mans charity profound,
That dol'd a *farthing* from a *thouſand pound*;
One whoſe eſſential vertues did out-vy
A zealot in his beſt formality;
His meaneſt acts (in every mans eſteem)
Did ſhine more bright then other men could ſeem:
The perfect'ſt Hieroglyphick of all good,
That hath (of late) been mix'd with fleſh and blood,
More real merit in his ſoul did lye,
Then any Metaphor can magnifie.
Good Readers let our eyes perſwade your ears,
And what we want in tongues, take out in tears.

The Epitaph.

READER, canſt thou weep to ſee
The loſs of Law and Piety?
Hadſt thou rather meet thy death,
Then have learning out of breath?
Will thy eyes confeſs thy grief,
To view *vertue*, want relief?

Would'ſt

Would'ſt thou let thy fountain run,
If thy Country were undone?
Can thy tears proclaim a tide,
To ſee Goſpel crucified?
Will thy holy eyes wear mourning,
When thou ſeeſt the Church a burning?
If th'aſt wep'd for any thing
Since bold Rebels kill'd the King
Of our Salvation, (*Jeſus Chriſt*)
Weep now, or none will when thou dieſt;
For underneath this ſtone there lyes,
A ſubject for all mourning eyes.

An Epitaph on a good wife.

HEre lies a ſoul that lov'd her Saviour Chriſt,
Her parents, partner, paterns, Prince, and Prieſt.

A Simile on a fine Whore.

AN Whore is like a Squirril, that doth vail,
And cover all her body with her tail.

To his faithful ingennous friend and old acquaintance,
J. T. *Gent.*

FRiend (in that firtil title, I diſpence
To thee (at once) both love and reverence)
I do ſalute thee, what I now hold forth,
Is a pale proſpect of thy pregnant worth,

Trick'

Trick'd with a penſil of leſs worth then will,
And drawn by one who hath more love then skill:
The Sun hath twenty Summers ſtrew'd the earth
With flowers, ſince our Acquaintance firſt took birth:
It vvas a ſeaſon vvhen our Drums and Flutes
Did give precedency to *Love* and *Lutes*:
When men by Piety vvere ſo reſtrain'd,
They durſt not think a K. could be Arraign'd:
Plays vvere in faſhion too, they did not fear,
To have their plots brought to the Theater:
The big-look'd *Hector*-like Bravado's then
(That liv'd on Whores, and Country Gentlemen)
Were call'd the Blades, great Colonels did uſe
To vvear blevv Frocks, and cobble Porters ſhoes:
Ere *Auſtin* vvas put dovvn, and *Burton* Sainted,
(Thanks to my deſtiny) vve vvere acquainted;
Since then (I have obſerv'd) this annual Race
Hath put no vvrinkles on thy ſoul or face:
Thy look, thy language, and thy mind are ſvveet
Correlatives, and in one Conſort meet;
Thy active ſpirit, and thy form complies,
To captivate mens hearts, and womens eyes:
Thy face ſpeaks Rhetorick, and no perſvvaſion
Wins credit vvhere thy perſon makes invaſion:
Thy Pen and Languages could not miſcarry,
Wer't thou the greateſt Princes *Secretary*:
Thy *Poetry* vvould make great *Orpheus* leeſe
His *Lyre*, and dance a part vvith his ovvn trees;
That thou art valiant, he doth better knovv,
Whom his ill deſtiny hath made thy foe:

I ſhould inlarge my ſelf in this Narration,
But that I find great volums out of faſhion;
Beſides, vvhen I conceive I have ſum'd all,
I may omit ſome main material;
Yet hovvſoe're theſe rugged lines are pen'd,
No man is more your ſervant, then

Your Friend,

THO. JORDAN.

On a crooked Scold.

SCorta (a Quean, no Fiſh-wife could out-ſcold her,
Who wore croſs *natures* Pack upon her ſhoulder)
Fell out with *Clinch*, and gave him vvorſer vvords
Then *Billinſgate* (in *Mackrell* time) affords;
At vvhich he cryes (ſeeing it vain to prate)
Ye curſed crooked Whore, *I'le kick you ſtrait.*

On Rant.

RAnt is (they ſay) indicted for a vvit,
To which he pleads *not Guilty*, and is quit.

A Mock Epithalamium, compoſed for the Nuptials of an illiterate Brewer and his Bride.

THeſe Nuptial flowers the fair Maids are ſtrewing,
I am inform'd has been long time a brevving;
Make haſt to Church, good Fortune be your guide,
Till you out-gallop all that Rhime to Ride.

The

The love that lurks within your amorous holes,
Is not falſe fire, but *Gods precious coles*,
Which will, if no ill inundation hinders,
Shine bright, till all the world conſume in *cynders*;
May both your hands and hearts joyn all in one,
Happy conjunction, like the *Bolt* and *Tun*:
May the *Bride* draw your favour with more force
Of fierce affection, then your *Draymans horſe*:
(For *Cupids* courſers triumph on the ground,
When two well yoked Lovers are *ſhod round*)
Prove faithful to each other, let no ſtranger
(With fair pretence) lye at *Loves rack* and *manger*:
May the Brides boſome be the Bridegrooms charm,
Until her belly do rebound like *Barm*,
That when your liquid limbs together curl,
You may diſſolve, and intermix like *Pearl*;
So may the pregnant Port of pleaſure prove
The firtil furnace of inflaming Love;
And you ſhall yearly reap the fruitful crops
Of children multiply'd as *thick* as *hops*;
Which iſſuing from Loves bed of fragrant ſpice,
May well be call'd the *grains* of Paradiſe:
May theſe wars die, and they that firſt begot 'um,
That every tub may ſtand upon's own bottom:
May your trade thrive, may no Excize man thvvart
Your private *guile*, or *ſet* a *Spoke i' your Cart*:
If you or ſhe have done amiſs, I pray
Let this *conjunction* prove a *cleanſing day*:
For they vvho to a married bondage ſtoop,
Muſt be confined in the *holy hoop*.

May

May your fair bedfellow live above ſtrife,
And overflouriſh the Inkeepers wife:
Although her husband can outface your *Copper*,
She ſhall both in the *Church* and *State* o're top her:
Becauſe there is (now Idols are put down)
Small diſtance 'twixt the *Copper* and the *Crown*.

An Epithalamium, on the noble Nuptials of
Mr. WILL. CHRISTMAS Merchant, and
Mis. ELIZABETH CHRISTMAS.

STay! take my benediction e're you go,
'Tis Orthodox, *Poets* are *Prophets* to:
Nor do I doubt but my *Cromatick Ayrs*
Have as large Pinions as the Parſons prayers:
May that felicity whoſe ſweetneſs ſwells
In *Solomons* tranſcendent *Canticles*,
Attend theſe Nuptials, may your union be
The great *Elixir* of all ſympathy:
May *Doves* be your *Diſciples*, and from you
Not only learn to love, but to be true:
The active Sparrow which with amorous tread,
Makes of one *Creature wife* and *feather bed*;
Will watch your windows, & in neighb'ring willows
Declare the doctrine of your panting pillows:
You ſhall teach all things *Love*, *Ovid* was wont
To ſhew the Art, you know the nature on't.
But ſtay, methinks the *Bride* begins to be
Diſturb'd at loſs of her Virginity;
She views the *Bed*, and *Bridegroom* as they were
The Scaffold, and the *Executioner*.

Madam

Madam depreſs thoſe fears, what greater joy
Then loſe a Maiden-head to win a Boy?
A prety boy, as ſweet and like the mother,
As one of her bright eyes compar'd with tother:
May health, wealth, wiſdom, piety, and truth,
Support ye in your age, and crown your youth:
May you live free from jealouſies and fears
Of forraign fury, or Domeſtick cares:
May the Cataſtrophe of both your years
Be the ſad object of all good mens tears;
And may your date of death be on the ſtone
One thouſand, ſeven hundred, thirty one.

A Fable.

THey ſay that in a neighb'ring Aviary
The birds fell out, the *Ægle* did miſcarry;
That was their K. but ſtrait the factious flock
Did chuſe a new, and crown'd a *Turkey Cock*.

The Moral.

THis makes the Proverb true unto a letter,
When one is gone, there ſeldom comes a better.

13. on his Cloaks.
15. Def. of Women.
23. Incom. on bad Noses.
38. Epitaph.